1st.

AN HEROICK POEM UPON His Royal Highnes's ARRIVAL.

20. Dec. 1682.

HAil to great *Neptune* Monarch of the Sea!
Whose dread command the stubborn Winds obey.
And *hollow Storms* that the clouds bowels tear,
At his grave *nod* do dwindle into air.
Hail to the powerfull Beings of the *Skies*!
To the Winds God! and watry Deities!
Peace to your briny Region; Mortals say;
And on your rocky Altars Incense lay:
Since you grew kind, when equal was your power
To save the perishing or to devour.
But oh the horror of the darkn'd main!
But worse the Treachery it did contain.
Well might the Frigot sink, the Saylors cry'd
When all the Water was *Bewhiggify'd*.
When *Sails* conspir'd poor Seamen to undo,
Nay every *Rope* was a *Fanatick* too.
The *Compass* Presbyterian, which by fits
Makes the Winds *veer* as do a Torie's Wits;
Poor Loyall Tories, the curst Whiggish Helm
Into the boundless Ocean did overwhelm;
One Curses Fate and Ships; another raves:
And 'stead of *Whiggs* do's *fisticuff the Waves*;
Another damming sinks, and swears he'l go
To firk their Coxcombs in the Lake below.
Perfidious Waves yet threat to trace the Sky,
Contemn the Gods, and spit on Majesty;
Daring the Nymphs their actions to controul
Wildly upon their Watry axles rowl.
But kinder Heaven do's say it is its will
The storm should cease, and bids the *Sea be still*;
Sends out it's Halcyon from the Ark above
Which do's return with wreaths of grateful love.
Heroick art! to save a Monarchs Brother:
But still one Deity is kind to t'other.

Wellcome, great Sir to our too happy Land;
Wellcome from th' dire Fate of treacherous Sand!
At whose approach the *Town* does gently bow,
And fawning Courtiers charm'd they know not how:
It makes the duller Tories heart alive
And dying Prosecutions to revive.
Now rampant Tories drink, let full Bowls pass
With Healths and Oaths to sweeten every Glass,
And once again prepare a Sumptuous *Feast*
To entertain the happy wellcome Guest;
Prepare the dainties of the Watry main
As Neptune's Present to his Glorious train.
And every kind of Beasts that you are able,
Except of *Asses*, (those may wait at Table;)
Damn'd Prodigality, when you're so Poor,
To Feast your——, are forc't to starve your *Whore*:
And most of you, one may be bold to Swear,
For one days Feast are doom'd to *Fast* a year.
Yet Swear the *Whiggs* are factious and debate
In private Halls the overtures of State;
As true as you are Loyal, (that's a Lie)
They are a people drown'd in Treachery:
Swear with an Irish Brow and charming grace
Their looks do speak *Rebellion* in their face.
You have at Villanies a gratious wink,
Tories may *act* what others dare not *think*:
Let fly your *Oaths*, and ranting *Curses* too,
The worst, we know, such Tools as you can do.

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